

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1825.

Number 27.

## NEW-YEAR'S SALUTATION

TO THE PATRONS  
OF THE

## OXFORD OBSERVER.

JANUARY 1, 1825.

From rolls on the Ocean in majesty's form,  
The God of the Indian—the sport of the storm,  
The riches of Monarchs, the world's golden treasure,  
Are swallowed in Ocean's bright bosom of azure.  
The navy, whose thunders might startle the dead,  
Is palled and enshrouded in Ocean's dark bed;  
Earth's grandeur and pride is his foam-sheet entwined,  
His rage has in "Ruin's dark palace onshrined."  
'Tis the mockery of Time—for, Time, thy dark flood  
Still roaring for victims, is crimsoned with blood;  
Eternity bounds thy broad wave of commotion,  
And space is the depth of thy billowy Ocean;  
When reddens the battle—when maddens the war,  
When slaughter looks haggard, and death gleams afar,  
When Monarchy trembles, and victory wheels  
His chariot of blood 'mid the cannon's loud peals,  
Then, Time, thy mad waves into mountains are tost,  
And the earth's gush of woe in confusion is lost;  
This the tempest that lashes thy foam-crested surge,  
Creation's tornado—Humanity's scourge:  
O Time! thou sad butcher of life's sweetest treasure,  
Who riftest our beauty, our friends, and our pleasure;  
When gaiety sparkles and mirth gambols free,  
When we blissfully float on thy billowy sea,  
The storms of fate lower—thy surges roll high,  
Thy lightning fast flashes—our sorrows are nigh,  
Our bark feebly flutters—tempestuous the gale  
That severs our cable and tatters our sail:  
But while on the pillow of plenty we slumber,  
While Heaven's gifts of riches and honors we number,  
While the path of our childhood is flowered with roses,  
Or hope on immortal fruition reposes,  
Then soft swells our canvass—thy billows are calm,  
And thy zephyrs that waft us, are breezes of balm.  
Thy years are thy billows that widen and swell,  
As the world's sad disasters our destinies tell:  
When pestilence, famine, and earthquakes array  
Their forces o'er earth and sweep millions away,  
Then tower high thy billows, then widens thy flood,  
Earth's vallies are deluged by rivers of blood.  
On thy last annual scroll, peerless Time, are recorded  
The triumphs of greatness, and valor rewarded;  
Hispania groans 'neath her racks and her chains,  
Inquisitors fatten—the tyrant still reigns;  
Her Pyrenees echo most sadly and rare,  
The soft notes of Freedom—sweet Liberties' air;  
The bugle scarce winds its rich thrills 'long her shore;  
Her Patriots are bleeding, and Freedom's no more:  
No more did I say—wing to Athens thy flight,  
Where tyrants for ages have pinioned her might;  
On the tomb of Lycurgus her manacles sever,  
She swears there her temples shall flourish forever;  
She marks the green turf where Leonidas bled,  
The valley of glory—the urn of the dead;  
While she drops o'er the tomb of her Byron a tear,  
The Turk feels the pangs of her death-barbed spear.  
War on noble Grecian—thy path leads to glory:  
Creation in rapture, shall ponder thy story;  
Clank the chains of oppression no longer a slave,  
Peace, Honor, and Wealth are the boon of the brave;  
The world of Columbus will joyfully see  
The oppressor made captive—the captive made free;  
The world of Columbus—glad sound to the ear,  
What triumphs adorn thee, the last rolling year?  
Far, far to the south, where Cordilleras rise,  
Like pillars of Freedom enrobed in the skies,  
There Freemen, the fetters of slavery have burst,  
The crown of the tyrant is trod in the dust;  
His pampered temple there totters to earth,  
They chant Hallelujahs at Liberty's birth:  
Turn, turn to the land of our own native soil,  
Where tyranny sickens, and tyrants recoil,  
Where Justice ne'er shrinks at the diadem nod,  
The dictates that guide are the dictates of God;  
Where Mercy enthroned, sits an angel from Heaven,  
Let virtue petition, and mercy is given;  
No jarring divisions our Union have shattered,  
No bloody contentions its pillars have lattered,  
But plenty rolls in like a flood to the sea,  
Her wealth to the happy and her stores to the free.  
Hark, hark, the loud billows of Ocean I hear,  
'Tis the new wave of Time that rolls on the new year:  
O peace to thy coming—thy presence we hail,  
Thy riches will gladden—thy bounties regale;  
May the tempests that lash thee be breezes of love,  
Like the breath of the summer that rustles the grove:  
O woe to the ruffian that reddens thy wave,  
Thy foam be his winding-sheet—coral his grave;  
Thou guest of creation—thou stranger of time,  
O wait thy rich blessings to every clime:  
No peace, health and plenty the boon we enjoy,  
No trouble molest us—no famine destroy;  
When sorrows shall sadden—when miseries assail,  
O wait to thy supplicants a prosperous gale;  
If clouds of affliction shall thicken around,  
May a friend to the friendless in Heaven be found.  
This the day of glad tidings—Columbia's guest—  
The child of her glory, now gladdens the West;  
Now loud and more loud her artillery peals,  
'Tis the heart's burst of joy that from gratitude steals;  
In diamonds of love shall his portrait be set,  
For our woodlands and mountains re-echo FAYETTE.

In the gift of our ruler, let his claims prevail  
Who poises the balance by equity's scale;  
Let his be the honor our nation to rule,  
Who's farthest removed from the rogue and the fool;  
Unerring his mind—his integrity show  
That fear and corruption he never can know;  
Stern justice his censor—meek mercy his guide,  
His guardian, religion—our country his pride;  
When dangers prowl round us, and bloody aggression  
Would rivet the fetters of royal oppression;  
Then mighty his prowess—restless his blow  
That prostrate shall strike the proud hosts of the foe;  
Beat peace to our mountains, and peace to our shores,  
The triumphs of conquest our country deplores;  
Contentment our birthright—be Liberty ours;  
And nations may glitter with diademed powers;  
We heed not their grandeur—we pity their fate,  
For Virtue and Freedom make governments great.

The following excellent article was written by Dr. Percival of Connecticut, and first appeared in the Connecticut Herald of February 25, 1823. It is, in our opinion, well worth the candid attention of Legislators and citizens. The subject upon which it treats is certainly one of immense importance, and should not be disregarded. Believing the Militia System, under its present organization in this State, susceptible of additional improvements, we can but hope it will excite the attention of our Legislature, this winter, to that degree, which may eventuate in a removal of some of the burdens from the soldier, and make them more equally sustained.

### THE MILITIA SYSTEM.

The organization and discipline of the Militia has excited no little attention in Congress and throughout the Union. There are some features in the Massachusetts Act, which we should wish to see generally adopted. The reduction of company drills is one of them; and we should have been pleased to see it connected with an entire abolition of brigade, regimental and battalion trainings. We have attended many of them, and for our part could only see in them a source of expense and dissipation. To the sober man, it is an intolerable burden to be dragged off some ten or fifteen miles, rain or shine, and then be marched around till he is overwheeled in a mock exhibition of battle; and all this, that the Brigade Inspector may have an opportunity of snapping his musket and the Field Officers of making their grand display. Such days are always occasions of frolic; and besides the expense of time, health, and money, scarcely a year passes in which we do not hear of some serious accident to life or limb. All this could be borne, if such reviews were necessary for our national defence. But this position is at least very doubtful. Abstract reasoning can be of little use on such a point as this. As in all other questions of policy, experience is the only sure guide.

The object of arming the militia, is strictly national. It is to provide an ever ready protection against foreign or domestic violence. We do not need, in case of sudden invasion, disciplined and veteran soldiers, who are perfect in every motion and attitude and evolution of war. We only need energy and spirit, and just that degree of subordination, which prevails in every well-regulated community. In continuing a war; in meeting, on their own ground, the patience and the skill of a veteran army; in sustaining the delays and privations and indignities of a camp life, we need quite another sort of men. We then need soldiers who are trained to a perfect subordination and a mechanical exactness, who have exchanged the spirit of liberty for the spirit of military honor, and who have bartered away the love of home for the esprit du corps. Such men can only be formed by daily and long-continued discipline. They are not only to be trained to exactness in the exercises of the parade, but a new disposition is to be formed within them. The system of army government is essentially despotic. A soldier is a slave to his superiors; and disobedience, to him, is death. Such a state of things the spirit of a free militia man could not endure, and he ought not to endure it, but on the pressure of extreme necessity. In cases of real danger, when invasion is threatened, the love of home, of wife and children, supplies all the deficiencies of the citizen; and his affections are then surer guarantees of his fidelity than the fears or the pride of the soldier. We do not therefore expect from the militia man the qualifications of a regular soldier, nor would it be a possible thing. Were our militia regularly encamped a fortnight, annually, they could not attain the discipline of the soldier; they would just be broken to the yoke, and then let loose to forget it all by the next muster. In an army, if we trust to discipline, that discipline must be perfect. Half-way discipline would be worse than nothing; it would just quell the elasticity of native courage, without substituting the strength of a consolidated body. The history of war abounds in instances of defeat from this cause. Our early Indian wars show us how easily a regular body was annihilated, when they attempted to preserve their discipline on ground that necessarily broke them, and where the only safety lay in meeting the enemy in their own way. We cannot then form our citizens to any thing like the discipline of veterans. There can be an approach

to it only in the independent companies in our towns and compact settlements, where the members can meet often, at their leisure hours, for improvement. But it is not so with our common militia companies, who meet but three or four times a year at farthest. Some who have a fancy for the thing and who make it the amusement of their home leisure may reach a very creditable degree of skill; but they are always so mixed in with the careless and the ignorant, as only to suffer by the contrast. We have often seen an ambitious militia captain, who had carefully studied his Hoyt and Duane, attempt to form his company en echelon or the like; but we have only seen the disorder of his men and his own vexation. Keep up to the old-fashioned shoulder-ho and forwards march, and they will do very well, and they will always be good marksmen where there is game enough.

A native like ours, that does not keep a large regular army, must trust, in the outset of a war, to its cadets and officers. Much has been said against the disproportionate number of our officers on the peace establishment: but if what I have just said be true, we ought, if we would continue prepared for war in peace, to keep up a corps of officers sufficient to man an army. Let them be confined to a strict garrison or camp life; and although the captain should command only a corporal's guard they will carry the tact and experience of the old war unimpaired to the new. They can then, in the event of a war, easily mould the new recruits and the drafts of militia to the shape of soldiers. We have been told, that the detachments of militia, who were stationed for the defence of New-York, during the late war, were, in the course of their six months' duty, reduced to a very exact discipline, such as would have done honor to a regular army. We believe that six weeks' constant duty would make one ten times a better soldier, than all the trainings from 18 to 45. But our free institutions leave to the militia the choice of their own officers; and the experience of the late war shows that they will, even in time of hostilities, claim that privilege. We must then, provide some means of giving science and skill to our militia officers. This may be done by encouraging a preference in the election to the more important offices, of those citizens who have acquired a military education in our National Academy, or in other military schools; or who, by the decided bent of a strong mind, may have equally educated themselves. This may be easier done in the case of regimental and staff officers, who are appointed by the State Legislatures. There would be no difficulty, if we could only get over the old doctrine of rotation, which insists that the Captain who holds the oldest commission, shall take the place of Major. Or if there should be a fear that the spirit of the citizens would be quelled by serving under officers who have not come regularly from their own body, there might be such a participation as would satisfy the citizens on the one hand, and provide for the instruction of the officers on the other. Let the officers thus formed be encamped and drilled repeatedly; let the subject be kept constantly fresh in their minds, so as to give a tincture to them; and we should soon see them ambitious and ready to improve. If only a small portion of the time and money now wasted on the great body of citizens, were concentrated on the education and discipline of a few officers, we should soon have corps of men scattered over the whole country, who would know exactly what was wanted in a case of danger. They would be like the man of practical science, who stands unmoved in the roar of a tempest, and by his presence recalls the distracted crew to their duty and their salvation. We should then have militia with all their native courage and impetuosity, moving freely, without any of those awkward motions which a defective discipline gives them, and commanded by officers acquainted with the necessities of all circumstances, equally skilled in leading the desultory attacks of partisans, and informing those partisans, should the call for their services continue, into regular soldiers.

The time of officers' service, we think, should be increased, at least with the higher officers. Perhaps a frequent rotation in the non-commissioned officers might be useful, by affording a greater number of the citizens an opportunity for a certain degree of improvement, and by giving them the excitement of novelty, and gratifying that ambition for office, which is so extensively diffused among them. But the higher offices should be much more permanent. There should not be those annual resignations, and elections, which seem to be made for no other purpose but to increase the number of exemplars, and to fill our towns with colonels and captains.

If the citizens were to be armed from government arsenals, and if enough of these were established to supply the country, we might then dispense with our musters for the display of rusty and borrowed firelocks. When society is in its infancy, there is almost an invincible disposition to keep some kind of arms. The rifle of the backwoodsman is one of his necessities, and it is his true weapon of war. It answers equally well on foot or on horseback; in the bushes, or behind a rampart of cotton bales; to pick out an Indian's eye, or mow down a British column. But it is different in an old

and compact population. The citizen has there little use for a musket; and he shoulders it only on parade days. He of course takes little care of it, and uses it awkwardly. In our opinion, such are better supplied from arsenals where the muskets are carefully kept and repaired, and where they are ready at a moment's warning.

### THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A gentleman travelling some years since in the Southern States, called at an Inn, and requested entertainment for the night. The host informed him, that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He entreated him to lodge him, as he was almost exhausted with travelling, as well as his beast. After much solicitation, the host consented to entertain him, provided he would sleep in a certain chamber, that had long remained unoccupied, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reputed to have been murdered in that room a number of years since. "Very well," said the guest, "I am not afraid of the ghost; take care of my horse, and prepare me some supper." After taking some refreshment, he inquired of the host how, and in what manner the chamber in which he was to lodge was haunted. The host replied, that those who had lodged in the room stated, that shortly after they retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard, in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, "Do you want to be sha—ved?" "Well," replied the guest, "if he come, I will let him shave me." He then requested that he might be shown to the apartment; in going to which he was conducted through a long room, where were seated a great number of persons at the gambling table. Feeling a curiosity, which almost every one possesses, after having heard "ghost stories," he carefully searched every closet in his apartment, but could discover nothing but a large basin. He then went to bed; but feeling much fatigued, he did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, (which is often the case, when one is excessively tired) and in a few moments he imagined he heard the voice as represented to him by the host. He arose from his bed, and searched every part of his chamber, but could discover nothing. He then went to bed—but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep, than the question was repeated. He then arose and went to his window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent. After a few moments of suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly. Convinced that it was from without, he opened his window, when it was repeated full to his ear.—On a closer examination he observed that the limb of "a venerable oak," which stood under his window, projected so near to the house, as on every breath of wind to grate against the shingles, creating a sound resembling the interrogation, "Do you want to be sha—ved?" Having satisfied himself that this ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb of a tree, coming in contact with the house; he again went to bed, and attempted to go to sleep; but was now interrupted by peals of laughter in the room below, where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking he could turn the discovery to his own advantage, he took the sheet from the bed, and wrapped it around him, and taking the basin in his hand, descended to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, rushed in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice, "Do you want to be sha—ved?" Terrified at this sudden interruption, they left the room in the greatest confusion; some tumbling down stairs over the heads of others. He then deliberately put his basin under the table, and gathered an immense sum of money into it, which had been left thereupon, secured it, and retired peaceably to rest.

The next morning, on going below, he found the house in the utmost confusion. They immediately asked him if he had enjoyed a good night's rest. He replied in the affirmative. "Well, no wonder," said the host, "for the ghost, instead of going to his usual place, made a mistake, came into our room and carried off every cent of our money. The guest, without being in the least suspected, quietly eat his breakfast, and departed with his valuable treasure."

The above may be relied on as a fact—the author had it from the mouth of a very respectable aged gentleman, in Massachusetts—to whom it was reported by the person himself.

Wretch.  
Gen. Jackson when about 8 years old, went one day on a ramble in the woods, and wandering as he that he did not return till long after it was dark.—His mother, who had been much alarmed by his absence, rated him soundly, and among other things said, "I wonder Fear did not drive you home." "Fear," replied the boy with great simplicity, "I don't know him."

Not long since, a certain Quack was addressed by one of his patients as follows: "Doctor, how is it that when we eat and drink, the meat is separated from the drink?" "Why I'll tell you," replied the quack, "in the neck there are two pipes, one of them is to receive meat, the other drink; at the top of these pipes, is a lid, or clapper, and when we eat, this clapper shuts up the drink pipe, and when we drink it turns back upon the meat pipe." "But, Doctor," said the patient, "seems to me that clapper must play pretty sharp when we eat pudding and milk!"







# OXFORD OBSERVER.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1825.

Number 27.

## NEW-YEAR'S SALUTATION

TO THE PATRONS  
OF THE

## OXFORD OBSERVER.

JANUARY 1, 1825.

From rolls on the Ocean in majesty's form,  
The God of the Indian—the sport of the storm,  
The riches of Monarchs, the world's golden treasure,  
Are swallowed in Ocean's bright bosom of azure.  
The navy, whose thunders might startle the dead,  
Is palled and enshrouded in Ocean's dark bed;  
Earth's grandeur and pride is his foam-sheet entwined,  
His rage has in "Ruin's dark palace enshrined."  
'Tis the mockery of Time—for, Time, thy dark flood  
Still roaring for victims, is crimsoned with blood;  
Eternity hounds thy broad wave of commotion,  
And space is the depth of thy billowy Ocean;  
When reddens the battle—when maddens the war,  
When slaughter looks haggard, and death gleams afar,  
When Monarchy trembles, and victory wheels  
Jilt chariot of blood 'mid the cannon's loud peals,  
Then, Time, thy mad waves into mountains are tost,  
And the earth's gush of woe in confusion is lost;  
This the tempest that lashes thy foam-crested surge,  
Creation's tornado—Humanity's scourge:  
O Time! thou sad butcher of life's sweetest treasure,  
Who riftest our beauty, our friends, and our pleasure;  
When gaily sparkles and mirth gambols free,  
When we blissfully float on thy billowy sea,  
The storms of fate lower—thy surges roll high,  
Thy lightning fast flashes—our sorrows are nigh,  
Our bark feebly flutters—tempestuous the gale  
That severs our cable and tatters our sail:  
But while on the pillow of plenty we slumber,  
While Heaven's gifts of riches and honors we number,  
While the path of our childhood is flowered with roses,  
Or hope on immortal fruition reposes,  
Then soft swells our canvass—thy billows are calm,  
And thy zephyrs that waft us, are breezes of balm.  
Thy years are thy billows that widen and swell,  
As the world's sad disasters our destinies tell:  
When pestilence, famine, and earthquakes array  
Their forces o'er earth and sweep millions away,  
Then tower high thy billows, then widens thy flood,  
Earth's vallies are deluged by rivers of blood.  
On thy last annual scroll, peerless Time, are recorded  
The triumphs of greatness, and valor rewarded;  
Hispania groans 'neath her racks and her chains,  
Inquisitors fatten—the tyrant still reigns;  
Her Pyrenees echo most sadly and rare,  
The soft notes of Freedom—sweet Liberties' air;  
The bugle scarce winds its rich thrills 'long her shore;  
Her Patriots are bleeding, and Freedom's no more:  
No more did I say—wing to Athens thy flight,  
Where tyrants for ages have pinioned her might;  
On the tomb of Lycurgus her manacles sever,  
She swears there her temples shall flourish forever;  
She marks the green turf where Leonidas bled,  
The valley of glory—the urn of the dead;  
While she drops o'er the tomb of her Byron a tear,  
The Turk feels the pang of her death-barbed spear.  
War on noble Grecian—thy path leads to glory:  
Creation in rapture, shall ponder thy story;  
Clank the chains of oppression no longer a slave,  
Peace, Honor, and Wealth are the boon of the brave;  
The world of Columbus will joyfully see  
The oppressor made captive—the captive made free;  
The world of Columbus—glad sound to the ear,  
What triumphs adorn thee, the last rolling year?  
Far, far to the south, where Cordilleras rise,  
Like pillars of Freedom enrobed in the skies,  
There Freeman, the fetters of slavery have burst,  
The crown of the tyrant is trod in the dust;  
His panoplied temple there totters to earth,  
They chant Hallelujahs at Liberty's birth:  
Turn, turn to the land of our own native soil,  
Where tyranny sickens, and tyrants recoil,  
Where Justice ne'er shrinks at the diademed nod,  
The dictates that guide are the dictates of God;  
Where Mercy enthroned, sits an angel from Heaven,  
Let virtue petition, and mercy is given;  
No jarring divisions our Union have shattered,  
No bloody contentions its pillars have latticed,  
But plenty rolls in like a flood to the sea  
For wealth to the happy and her stores to the free.  
Hark, hark, the loud billows of Ocean I hear,  
'Tis the new wave of Time that rolls on the new year:  
O peace to thy coming—thy presence we hail,  
Thy riches will gladden—thy bounties regale;  
May the tempests that lash thee be breezes of love,  
Like the breath of the summer that rustles the grove:  
O woe to the ruffian that reddens thy wave,  
Thy foam be his winding-sheet—coral his grave;  
Thou guest of creation—thou stranger of time,  
O wait thy rich blessings to every clime:  
Be peace, health and plenty the boon we enjoy,  
No trouble molest us—no famine destroy;  
When arrows shall sadden—when miseries assail,  
O wait to thy supplicants a prosperous gale;  
If clouds of affliction shall thicken around,  
May a friend to the friendless in Heaven be found.  
This the day of glad tidings—Columbia's guest—  
The child of her glory, now gladdens the West;  
Now loud and more loud her artillery peals,  
'Tis the heart's burst of joy that from gratitude steals;  
In diamonds of love shall his portrait be set,  
For our woodlands and mountains re-echo FAYETTE.

In the gift of our ruler, let his claims prevail  
Who poises the balance by equity's scale;  
Let his be the honor our nation to rule,  
Who's farthest removed from the rogue and the fool;  
Unerring his mind—his integrity show  
That fear and corruption he never can know;  
Stern justice his censor—meek mercy his guide,  
His guardian, religion—our country his pride;  
When dangers prowl round us, and bloody aggression  
Would rivet the fetters of royal oppression;  
Then mighty his prowess—resistless his blow  
That prostrate shall strike the proud hosts of the foe;  
Beat peace to our mountains, and peace to our shores,  
The triumphs of conquest our country deplores;  
Contentment our birthright—be Liberty ours;  
And nations may glitter with diademed powers;  
We heed not their grandeur—we pity their fate,  
For Virtue and Freedom make governments great.

The following excellent article was written by Dr. Percival of Connecticut, and first appeared in the *Connecticut Herald* of February 25, 1823. It is, in our opinion, well worth the candid attention of Legislators and citizens. The subject upon which it treats is certainly one of immense importance, and should not be disregarded. Believing the Militia System, under its present organization in this State, susceptible of additional improvements, we can but hope it will excite the attention of our Legislature, this winter, to that degree, which may eventuate in a removal of some of the burdens from the soldier, and make them more equally sustained.

**THE MILITIA SYSTEM.**  
The organization and discipline of the Militia has excited no little attention in Congress and throughout the Union. There are some features in the Massachusetts Act, which we should wish to see generally adopted. The reduction of company drills is one of them; and we should have been pleased to see it connected with an entire abolition of brigade, regimental and battalion trainings. We have attended many of them, and for our part could only see in them a source of expense and dissipation. To the sober man, it is an intolerable burden to be dragged off some ten or fifteen miles, rain or shine, and then be marched around till he is overworn in a mock exhibition of battle; and all this, that the Brigade Inspector may have an opportunity of snapping his musket and the Field Officers of making their grand display. Such days are always occasions of frolic; and besides the expense of time, health, and money, scarcely a year passes in which we do not hear of some serious accident to life or limb. All this could be borne, if such reviews were necessary for our national defence. But this position is at least very doubtful. Abstract reasoning can be of little use on such a point as this. As in all other questions of policy, experience is the only sure guide.

The object of arming the militia, is strictly national. It is to provide an ever ready protection against foreign or domestic violence. We do not need, in case of sudden invasion, disciplined and veteran soldiers, who are perfect in every motion and attitude and evolution of war. We only need energy and spirit, and just that degree of subordination, which prevails in every well-regulated community. In continuing a war; in meeting, on their own ground, the patience and the skill of a veteran army; in sustaining the delays and privations and indignities of a camp life, we need quite another sort of men. We then need soldiers who are trained to a perfect subordination and a mechanical exactness, who have exchanged the spirit of liberty for the spirit of military honor, and who have bartered away the love of home for the *esprit du corps*. Such men can only be formed by daily and long-continued discipline. They are not only to be trained to exactness in the exercises of the parade, but a new disposition is to be formed within them. The system of army government is essentially despotic. A soldier is a slave to his superiors; and disobedience, to him, is death. Such a state of things the spirit of a free militia man could not endure, and he ought not to endure it, but on the pressure of extreme necessity. In cases of real danger, when invasion is threatened, the love of home, of wife and children, supplies all the deficiencies of the citizen; and his affections are then sterner guarantees of his fidelity than the fears or the pride of the soldier. We do not therefore expect from the militia man the qualifications of a regular soldier, nor would it be a possible thing. Were our militia regularly encamped a fortnight, annually, they could not attain the discipline of the soldier; they would just be broken to the yoke, and then let loose to forget it all by the next muster. In an army, if we trust to discipline, that discipline must be perfect. Half-way discipline would be worse than nothing; it would just quell the elasticity of native courage, without substituting the strength of a consolidated body. The history of war abounds in instances of defeat from this cause. Our early Indian wars show how easily a regular body was annihilated, when they attempted to preserve their discipline on ground that necessarily broke them, and where the only safety lay in meeting the enemy in their own way. We cannot then form our citizens to any thing like the discipline of veterans. There can be an approach

to it only in the independent companies in our towns and compact settlements, where the members can meet often, at their leisure hours, for improvement. But it is not so with our common militia companies, who meet but three or four times a year at farthest. Some who have a fancy for the thing and who make it the amusement of their home leisure may reach a very creditable degree of skill; but they are always so mixed in with the careless and the ignorant, as only to suffer by the contrast. We have often seen an ambitious militia captain, who had carefully studied his Hoyt and Duane, attempt to form his company *en echelon* or the like; but we have only seen the disorder of his men and his own vexation. Keep up to the old-fashioned *shoulder-hoo* and forwards march, and they will do very well, and they will always be good marksmen where there is game enough.

A nation like ours, that does not keep a large regular army, must trust, in the outset of a war, to its cadets and officers. Much has been said against the disproportionate number of our officers on the peace establishment: but if what I have just said be true, we ought, if we would continue prepared for war in peace, to keep up a corps of officers sufficient to man a garrison or camp life; and although the captain should command only a corporal's guard they will carry the tact and experience of the old war unimpaired to the new. They can then, in the event of a war, easily mould the new recruits and the drafts of militia to the shape of soldiers. We have been told, that the detachments of militia, who were stationed for the defence of New-York, during the late war, were, in the course of their six months' duty, reduced to a very exact discipline, such as would have done honor to a regular army. We believe that six weeks' constant duty would make one ten times a better soldier, than all the trainings from 18 to 45. But our free institutions leave to the militia the choice of their own officers; and the experience of the late war shows that they will, even in time of hostilities, claim that privilege. We must then, provide some means of giving science and skill to our militia officers. This may be done by encouraging a preference in the election to the more important offices, of those citizens who have acquired a military education in our National Academy, or in other military schools; or who, by the decided bent of a strong mind, may have equally educated themselves. This may be easier done in the case of regimental and staff officers, who are appointed by the State Legislatures. There would be no difficulty, if we could only get over the old doctrine of rotation, which insists that the Captain who holds the oldest commission, shall take the place of Major. Or if there should be a fear that the spirit of the citizens would be quelled by serving under officers who have not come regularly from their own body, there might be such a participation as would satisfy the citizens on the one hand, and provide for the instruction of the officers on the other. Let the officers thus formed be encamped and drilled repeatedly; let the subject be kept constantly fresh in their minds, so as to give a tincture to them; and we should soon see them ambitious and ready to improve. If only a small portion of the time and money now wasted on the great body of citizens, were concentrated on the education and discipline of a few officers, we should soon have corps of men scattered over the whole country, who would know exactly what was wanted in a case of danger. They would be like the man of practical science, who stands unmoved in the roar of a tempest, and by his presence recalls the distracted crew to their duty and their salvation. We should then have militia with all their native courage and impetuosity, moving freely, without any of those awkward motions which a defective discipline gives them, and commanded by officers acquainted with the necessities of all circumstances, equally skilled in leading the desultory attacks of partisans, and informing those partisans, should the call for their services continue, into regular soldiers.

The time of officers' service, we think, should be increased, at least with the higher officers. Perhaps a frequent rotation in the non-commissioned officers might be useful, by affording a greater number of the citizens an opportunity for a certain degree of improvement, and by giving them the excitement of novelty, and gratifying that ambition for office, which is so extensively diffused among them. But the higher offices should be much more permanent. There should not be those annual resignations, and elections, which seem to be made for no other purpose but to increase the number of exemptions, and to fill our towns with colonels and captains.

If the citizens were to be armed from government arsenals, and if enough of these were established to supply the country, we might then dispense with our musters for the display of rusty and borrowed firelocks. When society is in its infancy, there is almost an invincible disposition to keep some kind of arms. The rifle of the backwoodsman is one of his necessities, and it is his true weapon of war. It answers equally well on foot or on horseback; in the bushes, or behind a rampart of cotton bales; to pick out an Indian's eye, or mow down a British column. But it is different in an old

and compact population. The citizen has there little use for a musket; and he shoulders it only on parade days. He of course takes little care of it, and uses it awkwardly. In our opinion, such are better supplied from arsenals where the muskets are carefully kept and repaired, and where they are ready at a moment's warning.

### THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A gentleman travelling some years since in the Southern States, called at an Inn, and requested entertainment for the night. The host informed him, that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He entreated him to lodge him, as he was almost exhausted with travelling, as well as his beast. After much solicitation, the host consented to entertain him, provided he would sleep in a certain chamber, that had long remained unoccupied, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reputed to have been murdered in that room a number of years since. "Very well," said the guest, "I am not afraid of the ghost; take care of my horse, and prepare me some supper." After taking some refreshment, he inquired of the host how, and in what manner the chamber in which he was to lodge was haunted. The host replied, that those who had lodged in the room stated, that shortly after they retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard, in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, "Do you want to be sha—ved?" "Well," replied the guest, "if he come, I will let him shave me." He then requested that he might be shown to the apartment; in going to which he was conducted through a long room, where were seated a great number of persons at the gambling table. Feeling a curiosity, which almost every one possesses, after having heard "ghost stories," he carefully searched every closet in his apartment, but could discover nothing but a large basin. He then went to bed; but feeling much fatigued, he did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, (which is often the case, when one is excessively tired) and in a few moments he imagined he heard the voice as represented to him by the host. He arose from his bed, and searched every part of his chamber, but could discover nothing. He then went to bed—but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep, than the question was repeated. He then arose and went to his window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent. After a few moments of suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly. Convinced that it was from without, he opened his window, when it was repeated full to his ear.—On a closer examination he observed that the limb of "a venerable oak," which stood under his window, projected so near to the house, as on every breath of wind to grate against the shingles, creating a sound resembling the interrogation, "Do you want to be sha—ved?" Having satisfied himself that this ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb of a tree, coming in contact with the house; he again went to bed, and attempted to go to sleep; but was now interrupted by peals of laughter in the room below, where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking he could turn the discovery to his own advantage, he took the sheet from the bed, and wrapped it around him, and taking the basin in his hand, descended to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, rushed in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice, "Do you—want—to-be—sha—ved?" Terrified at this sudden interruption, they left the room in the greatest confusion; some tumbling down stairs over the heads of others. He then deliberately put his basin under the table, and gathered an immense sum of money into it, which had been left thereupon, secured it, and retired peaceably to rest.

The next morning, on going below, he found the house in the utmost confusion. They immediately asked him if he had enjoyed a good night's rest. He replied in the affirmative.—"Well, no wonder," said the host, "for the ghost, instead of going to his usual place, made a mistake, came into our room and carried off every cent of our money. The guest, without being in the least suspected, quietly eat his breakfast, and departed with his valuable treasure."

The above may be relied on as a fact—the author had it from the mouth of a very respectable aged gentleman, in Massachusetts—to whom it was reported by the person himself.

**Wreath.**  
Gen. Jackson when about 8 years old, went one day on a ramble in the woods, and wandering so far that he did not return till long after it was dark.—His mother, who had been much alarmed by his absence, rated him soundly, and among other things said, "I wonder Fear did not drive you home." "Fear," replied the boy with great simplicity, "I don't know him."

Not long since, a certain Quack was addressed by one of his patients as follows: "Doctor, how is it that when we eat and drink, the meat is separated from the drink?" "Why I'll tell you," replied the quack, "in the neck there are two pipes, one of them is to receive meat, the other drink; at the top of these pipes, is a lid, or clapper, and when we eat, this clapper shuts up the drink pipe, and when we drink it turns back upon the meat pipe." "But, Doctor," said the patient, "seems to me that clapper must play pretty sharp when we eat pudding and milk!"



PARIS.....THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1825.

*The Presidency.* We are now awaiting the decision by the House of Representatives of the important question—who shall mount the Presidential chair on the fourth of March ensuing, clothed with the dignity of Chief Magistrate of this nation? It seems to be the general opinion, that Gen. Jackson and Mr. Adams will be the two candidates between whom a choice will finally have to be made—but it may be otherwise. It is said by some, that Mr. Crawford has many friends in the House of Representatives—Be that as it may, it will not be long before it will be decided some way. The ninth of February will soon arrive, and we hope will put an end to the political contest that has been carried on with such virulence and warmth for more than two years past.

But it is almost impossible to form a conjecture as to whom the successful candidate may be, if we give any credit to the contradictory opinions still manifested, in respect to the final result.—A Philadelphia paper says, “General Jackson will be elected President without any doubt.” He will have the whole of the Western States in the House.” Another paper says, “General Jackson never can be President of the United States—mark what we say, John Quincy Adams will take the chair on the fourth of March next as certain as the sun will set to-day.”

By the politeness of a gentleman in this town, we have been favored with the following extracts from letters which he received from Washington. We need not add that their contents are highly interesting.

Dear Sir—The documents accompanying the President's Message to both Houses of Congress are quite voluminous and will not probably go into the newspapers generally, except in that garbled state which tends to destroy much of the confidence to which those sources of information should be entitled and would receive if they were less the channels of partial and interested views, and more employed for the distribution of that light and knowledge for which the mass of the people support them.—The first part of the documents you will find to relate to the suppression of the African slave trade and to contain the correspondence between the diplomatic agents of the United States and Great Britain in relation to a convention between the two governments on that subject. I should with pleasure furnish you with the analysis and notes which I have taken in reference to this, and am in the practice of taking in regard to other documents, for the better understanding of them, if the question now unsettled between the two governments was not reduced to a point. On perusing the correspondence, you will not fail to be agreeably surprised by the courteous, respectful, and friendly manner in which it was mutually conducted, and which furnishes so striking a contrast with our negotiations with Spain, in which it seems to have been considered that ferocity was the best evidence of resolution, petulance of spirit, and satire of talent. There is nothing of the kind in the negotiation for the suppression of the slave trade, if we except a little scolding by Mr. Canning and Mr. Addington, which is treated by our negotiators with that coolness which individuals and nations conscious of their strength and rectitude, will always preserve.

is no analogy between cases in one of which an act is an usurpation and in the other proceeds from concession, in one of which the step is invited and in the other forced. The cases are diverse as those of a guest who purloines by invitation of your hospitality and the robber who breaks in the head of your wine cask. The treaty having, however, received the signatures of the plenipotentiaries on each side and been formally concluded so as only to require the ratification of the Senate of the United States, that body found some difficulty in giving its consent to the measure. Both this country and Great Britain had denounced the slave trade as piracy and the latter power in her recent treaties with Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands had made the same provision in regard to the right of search and capture which was contained, abstractedly I mean from relations of place, in the first article of the convention with us, or rather the provision was a broader one because the governments of those countries had not made the slave trade piracy. The Convention was, notwithstanding, the subject of serious division in the Senate, which at last consented to ratify it with some modifications, the only important one of which, and that insisted against by the British Government, is the exclusion of the right of search and capture as to vessels cruising on the coast of America. On this point it is that the parties are at issue, and the question seems to be whether the Senate will recede, or the system, which promises to put an end to the nefarious practices of kidnappers and the barter of human beings as if they were but brute animals, shall be crushed in its infancy. I have not seen the debates in the Senate upon the subject nor do I feel at all disposed to credit the accusation that the party there who opposed the ratification of the treaty were actuated by motives of hostility to Mr. Adams. They are men of too much patriotism to be subject to such an imputation, and undoubtedly will, when the subject again is before them, again weigh well not only what is due to our own sovereignty as a nation, but also what christian benevolence and social duty require of man to his fellow beings and his creator.

WASHINGTON, December 17, 1824.

DEAR SIR.—When I wrote you before on the subject of the negotiations for the suppression of the slave trade, I confess it was with a strong reserve, for I was afraid lest those feelings which I entertained on the less important Missouri question and the deep abhorrence which I entertain of slavery would lead me to betray a degree of feeling which you would think ought to derogate from the credit you might attach either to my statements or opinions. I had also another motive for the exercise of self restraint, which was that the Senator from Maine, for whose judgment I have great deference, deemed it proper to oppose the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain, which had for its object the combination of the physical force of the two countries to suppress piracy, the crime of trafficking human beings in the markets of the slave holding islands and continent of America, and which also contemplated the moral benefits of an example so valuable to the nations of Europe. On reconsidering the contents of my letter, composed in haste, and on which I threw my sand that might fold and seal it before the writing was dry, I am satisfied that frankness requires of me to add a few words on a subject so important, one which will rouse the sleeping and fluster politicians of the country, one in which the christian and the statesman must feel the deepest interest.

of gain have no part. We volunteered disinterestedly in the cause of suffering humanity and took the lead of nations in a magnanimous sacrifice of interest for the benefit of a long persecuted portion of our race. Under these principles the convention was framed and went into the Senate. The members of that sagacious and illustrious body found reasons against its ratification, at least a portion, I will not say a party of them, did so, and it consequently has not been carried into effect. The debates of that body upon treaties are not public and the weighty, the insuperable reasons which produced the result are not accurately known. They are, however, understood to have arisen from the provision of the first article of the treaty by which reciprocally and equally, the high contracting powers gave to each the right of search and capture on what may be called the several slave coasts of the world, viz. Africa, the West Indies, and America. By the law of nations, if I have correctly informed myself, this right of search and capture has always applied and belonged to cases of piracy, and I confess that I am incapable of seeing the force of the objection made against the treaty on that ground, particularly when it is also considered that the rights of both nations were guarded against the temptation to abuse by the other condition in the treaty that the captured vessels with the crew should be sent only to the tribunals of its own country for adjudication.

Perhaps there is not a darker blot upon this enlightened age than the still tolerated, extensive, and diabolical business of the slave traffic. We had reason to entertain the delightful anticipation that the period was at hand when a redeeming spirit would have dispersed the woes of Africa and relieved the sympathies of the just and benevolent in every land: but human iniquity has been destined to weep yet longer for the miseries and crimes which have so long been reproach to Europe.

I beg you not to believe that I am speaking without that diffidence which it certainly becomes me to feel on this subject, and which, it should not be created by any other cause. I should be excited by the consideration that a considerable portion of the Senate, including those for whom the State of Maine is bound to cherish the highest respect, have acted on this subject: but believing that it is one, which, from circumstances, which time will develop, will arrest the attention of the community, I have thought I should not do justice, under my promise to write to you upon what I deemed interesting, if I did not direct your notice to it.

At the recent session of the Legislature of Vermont, thirteen hundred and ninety-seven Justices of the Peace were appointed by the body. They hold their commissions one year.

We find in the National Journal a translation of the Constitution of the *United Mexican States*. It possesses many of the features of our excellent constitution, but differs in a very essential one, which is, the establishment of the catholic religion and the prohibition of the exercise of every other. The government is now organized and in operation. One of its first acts was the abolition of the slave trade.

*Pension to La Fayette.* A bill has passed both Houses of Congress, granting Gen. LA FAYETTE 200,000 dollars and a township of land. In the House there were 186 members who voted for it, among whom were Messrs. Cushman, Herrick, Kidder, Longfellow and O'Brien from this State : and there were 26 members who voted in opposition, among whom were Messrs. Burleigh and Lincoln from this State. In the Senate there were 37 in its favor, among whom were both the Senators from Maine, and 7 in opposition.

The following was communicated to us by LA FAYETTE PERKINS, M. D. By some accident we did not receive it till this week, although it was dated

On Saturday morning, the 27th of last month, Mrs. Masterman, wife of Mr. Joseph Masterman, of Boston, adjoining Weld, was confined with three fair and healthy children, two girls and a boy; their weight

as follows:

Girls,	{ 7 3-4 lbs.
Boy,	{ 6 1-2
	7 1-2
Total,	21 3-4.

At this date, the mother is in a state of usual convalescence, and the children continue well."

The following "New-Year's Ode" was taken from an old number of the Philadelphia Aurora. There is something very sentimental in it.

NEW-YEARS ODE.  
WHILE with ceaseless course the Sun,  
Hasted through the former year :  
Many Souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here.  
Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little none can know.

As the winged arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies,  
Darts and leaves no trace behind :  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days,  
Bear us down life's rapid stream :  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live,  
With Eternity in view.

Bless thy Word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love.  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we live with thee above.

The following article was copied from the *Portland Gazette*, and is worthy the attention of our political readers. The sentiments contained in it, are, we hope, fast growing into practice, and the period will soon arrive when he who is most worthy will be selected to serve the public—the only inquiry being, “*Is he honest, is he capable?*”

Sentiments of the most intrinsic truth and justice frequently derive an increased force from the authority on which they are advanced. The character of Gen. Jackson has never been fairly understood; it has certainly never been exhibited in so favorable a light, before the publication of the correspondence between himself and President Monroe. It seems that the President, when about entering on his office, was troubled with scruples, of which he hardly ever seemed to have got rid, of the propriety of making any appointments outside of the ranks of the predominant party in order to remove these scruples. Gen. Jackson addressed several letters to him recommending the justice and urging the expediency of taking a more liberal and catholic course; and in particular, in advising the appointment of Col. Drayton of South Carolina, a federalist, Secretary of War. In order to destroy the hard earned popularity of the hero, copies of these letters, surreptitiously obtained, were secretly circulated, with a story that he had advised the President to form his administration of equal parts of the two great parties into which the country had been divided and to constitute his cabinet of two federalists and two republicans. When this tale was published with a view to prejudice his character as a politician, and defeat his prospects as a candidate, the gallant General at once came out and challenged the publication of the whole correspondence. "I am," said he, "with out concealment of any kind. My opinions and sentiments, such as they have been, written, or expressed at any time, reach into every one's ear at all times when I come to. In public or in private letters I but breathe the sentiments I feel, and which my judgment sanctions; and no disposition will ever be entertained by me, either to disguise or to suppress them." In this

respect he intimated the magnanimous reply of President Washington to Edmund Randolph, when the latter asked him to leave to make use of his letter as a document of an official character, for the purpose of his own indication. "I give to you freely," said Washington, "any more I utter to you to make use of every word that I ever utter." Gen. Jackson denied having been in favor of an measure that should have the most distant tendency to perpetuate the empire or foment the remains of party spirit. So far from recommending a selection of two of each sort, and thus forming a mere dove-tailed or dovetailed administration, made up of mosaic work

"here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white," and keeping up a contest out of doors for an equal division of the cabinet, he advised no such thing. On the contrary his advice was in the formation of his cabinet not to pay the least regard to party. Party names, said he are all bubbles. "Talents and merits should be the tests and passports for public confidence." "I neither advised the President," said he, "the selection of 'two distinguished federalists and two distinguished republicans,' nor 'to form his administration from the great leading parties of the country.' Both statements were unfounded; on the contrary, my advice to the President was, in the selection of his Cabinet, he should act upon the principle which he should consider himself the head of the nation, not of a party; that he should have about him the best talents the country could afford, without regard to sectional divisions; and should, in his selection, seek for men of probity, virtue, capacity and firmness; and in this way, he would go far to eradicate those feelings, which, on former occasions, threw so many obstacles in the way of Government; and be enabled, perhaps to unite a people heretofore politically divided." "I gave it as my opinion, that the best evidence of devotion to the government, its constitution, and laws, which any could afford, was, when these were assailed

ed, to venture forth in their defence, and maintain them amidst privations, and at the sacrifice of domestic quiet.—*That names were mere bubbles*; and that who would, as Col. Drayton had done, abandon his fire side and the comforts of home, and continue the defence and protection of his country, throw to the wind, merited the confidence of the government. *Let him bear what name or partly he might*; such a man I did recommend to Mr. Monroe; he was one I highly valued; yet one whose conduct, character, and good qualities, entitled him to any and every consideration.

dened. As well might the conclusion be adduced, that I had recommended a selection exclusively for one or the other of the parties, as that the cabinet should be chosen from a motive of policy, should be kept equally open, by the choice of *prophets of each sect, for my advice was not to be a prophet of either.* The voice of Washington, in his farewell address to the nation, was that party and faction were to be encouraged, because "that part was calculated to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration"; and, with his, the voice of every patriot will accord. Virtue being the main pillar of a republican Government, unless virtuous men shall be drawn into its administration, the fabric must tremble. If designing and corrupt men may cover their intrigues under a pretended love for virtue and patriotism, but a truly pure man will be without disguise, verified, as he passes along, the old adage, that *he is true that is known by his fruit.*"

We have lately had occasion to notice some striking comments upon this text of Gen. Jackson, elections, by the republican Legislatures of different States in which the interests of Messrs. Crawford, Clay and Adams are respectively predominant, where we shall take opportunity to allude to more particularly hereafter.

FOR THE OBSERVER

BULIMIA.

In this disease, a person is affected with a *hunger*, or voracious appetite; and with an insatiable and almost perpetual desire of food; and in which, patients indulge themselves in taking immense, and incredible quantities.

Such is the human propensity for presumption, that the most menacing and destructive consequences, of the future, are seldom able to deter us, from their indulgence. Hence we see him, who is destined to interperance, and imbecility, carelessly swallowing daily dram, as if he knew not, that such (not controllable practices, would soon lead him to the imperious necessity, which sinks men to the lowest state of degradation and misery. Thus he stupidly shuts his eyes, and embarks upon a smooth and even stream, whose troubled and inviting current shortly terminates in a horrible catarract, that waits to precipitate him into the depths of ruin and contempt. Nor does he arouse from his stupidity, till the progress is so much increased by the rapidity that all his exertions, to recall his steps, prove futile and unavailing.

Perhaps, in tracing the cause of this question, as well as those of the other, we should find many more of our sacrificing future happiness for the gratification of a moment. It is necessary for the body, that a certain portion should be daily eaten, and, by digestion and assimilation, converted into the various parts of which the animal Nature has provided that perform these strange phenomena, and truly wonderful chemistry, by its gastric secretions, almost, whatever may be it is a law of the animal to consume a certain quantity of aliment with impunity; and when this stepped, nature seems to be checked in her devoted track, and demands a despotic power, an increased exertion, to obviate the painful and insupportable symptoms of a depraved appetite; or she is augmented efforts, and a distressing and painful symptoms, follow the progress of these enfeebled parts.

Bulimia is contracted, principally by those, who are in the habit of long periods, and themselves to satisfy their accumulations as much as falls in their reach. And dyspeptic, constantly harassing the gastrosplenic system, and indulging in the rich and opulent of the indefatigable in their studies, insatiable appetites by gorging all the luxuries that nature can invent, generally the victim.

Bulimia is a malady of not so common occurrence among us, as perhaps, we should suppose. (I have seen frequent instances of it in glutton, within our own vicinity.) I have seen him consume his labor, after consuming a large quantity of food, apparently without experiencing any excruciating pain. But I am struck by the striking and lamentable anorexia which we find in the records of medicine. It may not be totally destitute of a late.

"A young man from the  
ons, named Tarare, and who  
ed to a troop of strolling jug  
himself to swallow flints, enor  
broken victuals, baskets full of  
jug animals. The most alarmin  
in consequence, were not  
come this dangerous habit,  
last an imperious necessity.

Enrolled at the commence-  
war, in one of the battalions of  
Rhine, he sought for the nec-  
essary food around the morable hos-  
pitals of kitchen, the remains of the  
rejected matters or corrupted  
refuse him. He often disputed  
matters their filthy and disgusting  
perpetually in search of cats,  
puppies, which he devoured  
obliged to be driven by force  
ishment from the dead room  
where the blood drawn from  
the

It was in vain attempted to  
appetite, by giving him fat  
even pounded shells. The  
child of sixteen months' old, ga  
suspicious of him, and he fl  
years afterwards he was adm  
mary of Versailles, in a consu  
succeeded his enormous appe  
ter died."\*

\_\_\_\_\_

*Casualty.* Mr. Enoch Davis was killed at a shooting match on Christmas day. He was hit a little above the knee, by a bullet which the marksman had removed from the ground, and took his aim from behind a log. At the moment when Mr. Davis passed the spot, he was not perceived. Amputation was performed, but the life of the sufferer is in jeopardy.—*East. Chronicle.*

*New era in Saw Mills.*—Caldell, Jr., of Waterville, has recently put into operation, an improved Circular Saw, which will mill logs of the largest size. The new machine is making boards at the astonishing rate of 100,000 in a minute, and planing the same in half the time. Those who have witnessed the operation are fully apprised of its utility, in a country where timber is so abundant. It is particularly adapted to the use of small streams, and is being extensively propelled by steam power. At least, of the power required to run the saw, is saved by Mr. Caldell, in the same time taken to make much smaller boards. About 100,000 ft. of lumber can be made in a day, though Capt. Kendall is of the opinion that it will be 200,000. The process of sawing, till several improvements have been annexed to the machine. It has been in use, yet the peculiar character of the logs, and other parts of the machine, and the heavy timber, are well worthy of the inventor in which he engaged, and the result with which he has persevered in his invention, are worthy of complete success will perpetuate his usefulness.—Hull, Me.

**Narrow Escape.**—Mr. John McE, a celebrated hunter, recently encountered with a large Moose, on the banks of the Yukon. When discovered the animal took to the water, and swam to the hunter to the canoe, and started him. Having approached within six or eight feet, the hunter fired, and the ball taking effect the animal fell. Mr. E. having reloaded, started the animal, and in search of him. The Moose was seen to swim to the shore, and rather unexpectedly, Mr. E. approached within twenty or thirty feet of the animal, and fired. The animal fell before he discovered him, but being somewhat agitated by the shot, he started up, and swam to the shore. Mr. E. seeing this, and being so near the Moose, missed him, and the animal swam, carrying a small tree which it carried in its mouth.



Perhaps, in tracing the causes of the disease, we should find many more, striking examples of our sacrificing future happiness, for the pleasures of a moment. It is necessary for the support of the body, that a certain portion of food should be daily eaten, and by the functions of digestion and assimilation, converted into the various parts of which the system is composed. Nature has provided man with organs that perform these strange phenomena in a mysterious and truly wonderful manner. The stomach, by its gastric secretion, is able to dissolve, almost, whatever may be taken into it; but it is a law of the animal economy, that only a certain quantity of aliment is to be received with impunity; and when this limit is overstepped, nature seems to be compelled to leave her devoted track, and demand, with almost despotic power, an increased portion to alleviate the painful and insatiable cravings of a depraved appetite; or she is wearied out by her augmented efforts, and a distressing train, of dyspeptic symptoms, follow the diminished tone of these enfeebled parts.

Bulimia is contracted, perhaps, more frequently by those, who are in the habit of fasting for long periods, and then indulging themselves to satisfy their accumulated desires, by devoting as much as falls by chance within their reach. And dyspeptic, by those who are constantly harassing the gastric energy, by unimpaired and perpetual indulgences. Hence we see the rich and opulent of towns, who are so indefatigable in their studies to gratify their fastidious appetites by gorging themselves with all the luxuries that nature or the art of man can invent, generally the victims of this disease.

Bulimia is a malady of not so rare occurrence among us, as perhaps, we should imagine (a priori). I have seen frequently myself, the glutton, within our own vicinity, attempt to resume his labor, after consuming an astonishing quantity of food, apparently suffering in most excruciating pain. But I am not able to give so striking and lamentable an instance as many we find in the records of medicine; one of which it may not be totally destitute of interest to relate.

"A young man from the neighborhood of Lyons, named Tarare, and who early in life belonged to a troop of strolling jugglers, accustomed himself to swallow flints, enormous quantities of broken vessels, baskets full of fruit, and even living animals. The most alarming symptoms, ensuing in consequence, were not sufficient to overcome this dangerous habit, which became at last an impious necessity.

Enrolled at the commencement of the late war, in one of the battalions of the army of the Rhine, he sought for the necessary supply of food around the movable hospital. The refuse of kitchen, the remains of the messes, the rejected matters or corrupted meats did not suffice him. He often disputed with vilest animals their filthy and disgusting meal: he was perpetually in search of cats, dogs and even serpents, which he devoured alive. He was obliged to be driven by force or threats of punishment from the dead room, and the place where the blood drawn from the sick was deposited.

It was in vain attempted to cure his ravenous appetite, by giving him fat acids, opium and even poisonous shells. The disappearance of a child of sixteen months' old, gave birth to horrible suspicions of him, and he fled. Five or six years afterwards he was admitted into the Infirmary of Versailles, in a consumptive state, which succeeded his enormous appetite. He soon after died."

\*Thomas' Practice of Physic, page 563.

## DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

**Casualty.** Mr. Enoch Davis, of Pittsboro, at a shooting match on Christmas day, had his leg fractured a little above the knee, by a rifle ball. The marksman had removed from the usual standing place, and took his aim from behind a board fence, at the moment when Mr. Davis passed before his piece without being perceived. Amputation has been performed, but the life of the sufferer is thought to be in danger.—*East. Chronicle.*

**New era in Saw Mills.**—Capt. William Kendall, Jr. of Waterville, has recently put into successful operation, an improved Circular Saw, adapted to mill logs of the largest size. This saw is capable of making boards at the astonishing rate of forty to sixty superficial feet in a minute, planing them at the same time. Those who have witnessed the effects, are fully apprised of its utility, in a country abounding in pine timber, particularly as it is admirably adapted to tide water and streams of low heads, or may be conveniently propelled by steam; three fourths, at least, of the power required in the usual way of sawing, is saved by Mr. Kendall's machine, which at the same time makes much smoother and better boards. About 100,000 ft. have already been made, though Capt. Kendall is not prepared to make a business of sawing, till several important appendages are annexed to the machine. Circular saws have long been in use, yet the peculiar construction of this saw and other parts of the machine, and its application to heavy timber, are well worthy of a patent.—The inventor in which he has persevered in this new and useful invention, are worthy of commendation, and his complete success will perpetuate his fame and augment his usefulness.—*Hall. Ad.*

**Narrow Escape.**—Mr. John Ellis, of Mercer, Me., a celebrated hunter, recently had a dangerous encounter with a large Moose, near Moose River.—When discovered the animal took to the river, and the hunter to the canoe, and started in pursuit of him. Having approached within six or eight rods, he fired, and the ball taking effect the moose made for the shore. Mr. E. having reloaded his gun, proceeded in search of him. The moose was soon come up with, and rather unexpectedly, Mr. Ellis having approached within twenty or thirty feet of the enraged animal before he discovered him.—He instantly fired, but being somewhat agitated by suddenly finding himself so near the moose, missed his object, the ball entering a small tree which intervened between them;

whereupon the moose immediately made at him with desperate fury, taking him between his horns, one of which entered his clothes near the waistband of the pantaloons in front and passed out near his chin, and the other at the small of his back taking the skin in its course. While in this dangerous and critical situation, the moose made four or five bounds with him, clearing a rod or more of a leap, when his clothes giving away, he fell to the ground. The moose passed over him without striking him, and after going fifteen or twenty rods full and expired. Mr. Ellis received considerable injury, but trifling to what might have been expected from the circumstances in which he was placed.—*Son. Jour.*

**Taunton, Dec. 22.**—One of the workmen at the Iron Forge works at the east part of this town, Mr. Davis King, lost his life under the most appalling and distressing circumstances, on Thursday evening last.—While endeavoring to raise the gate he had been obliged to make use of great exertions, from its rising hard, to get it up. As it rose suddenly, he was thrown back with violence upon the part of the work called the wild cat attached to the shaft of the water wheel. This carried him under an arm of the wild cat, and forced the middle of his body through a space not more than two or three inches in diameter;—He expired instantly.

**LANSBURG, Dec. 16.—Melancholy Accident.**—Mr. Jacob Yeager, aged about 18 or 20 years, in company with others, were engaged in felling timber in the woods, when having cut a tree from the stump, in falling it lodged on a small sapling and bent it considerably. In attempting to dislodge the tree, Mr. Yeager, struck the sapling with his axe and cut it partly off, the stump of which split and rebounded with great velocity and struck him on the back part of his head so severe a blow that he expired in a few minutes after.

**CHOICE OF PRESIDENT.**—Washington letters remark, that the friends of all three of the candidates were not without hope of eventual success; as no convocations had been held to ascertain the positive strength of parties. But the friends of General Jackson are so confident of success, that a list of the new Cabinet has been circulated.—By this the Secretaries of State, and of the Navy, are to keep their offices; Gov. CLAYTON to have the Treasury, and Mr. EATON, a Senator of Tennessee, the War Department. Gen. DRAYTON had been talked of as Secretary of War; but should Mr. CALHOUN come into the Cabinet, his appointment would destroy the necessary equilibrium. Virginia, it was thought, will have a powerful moral influence on the great decision, should there be no choice at the first ballot; but the best informed were of opinion, that the old saw, "There's no knowing who will be governor till after election," was never more true, than at the present time.

*Boston Centinel.*

A treaty has been concluded with the Quapaw Indians, in Arkansas, by Commissioner CUTTENEY, by which they relinquish to the United States all their lands in that territory.

**Mediterranean Squadron.**—Com. RODGERS'S command in this sea will consist of the North-Carolina ship of the line, frigate Constitution, corvette Cyane, sloop of war Eric and Ontario, and schooner Nonsuch. It is said it will visit Smyrna, and the Grecian Archipelago.

**NEW-HAMPSHIRE.**—The Legislature of this State has adjourned sine die, without coming to the choice of a Senator of the U. States.

A new State Court of Common Pleas has been established in this State.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—After numerous ineffectual trials to elect a Senator of the U. States, the Legislature of this State had adjourned to the 17th January.

A report is current, that Com. FORTY has been recalled from the command of the anti-piratical squadron, and is to be succeeded by Capt. WARRINGTON. The conduct of the Commodore at Porto Rico has been brought before Congress.—*Bar. Cen.*

**WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.**—Yesterday at a special audience, the HONORABLE MR. MARSH, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from France, delivered to the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES his new credential letters from His Most Christian Majesty, Charles 10th, the present King.

A Lunatic in the Philadelphia Arms House, whose violence was such that the keepers were obliged to keep him chained, pushing the straw in his cell against the stove, set fire to it, and the poor maniac was burned to death.

LA FAYETTE is the only man who ever was in his personal capacity, publicly received by the Senate of the United States. General WASHINGTON, in all the brightness of his fame, and all the plenitude of his popularity, invested, besides, with the dignity of the Presidential Office, when he came to the Senate, by appointment, to consult respecting a Treaty, was, indeed, received by them standing, uncovered, as in the present case, but even he was not attended and introduced, as LA FAYETTE has been, by a Committee of the most venerable members of the Senate. On his introduction yesterday, the good old General was received as a brother, rather than as a stranger.—as one of a loving family, come from a distant shore, after a long and weary absence, to revisit the friends of his youth.—*Nat. Int.*

**FAMILY OF GEN. LA FAYETTE.**—Gen. La Fayette has one son and two daughters. The son George Washington La Fayette, is now in this country; the daughters are Madame Maubourge, and Madame Lasteyrie.

Mrs. Maubourge has three daughters.—Mrs. Brigode, Misses Louise and Jenny Maubourge.

Mrs. Lasteyrie has three daughters.—named Pauline, Melanie and Octavia.—and one son, named Jules.

George Washington La Fayette has three daughters, named Natalia, Matilda and Clementina.—and two sons named Oscar and Edmond.

Mrs. Brigode has two daughters, Georgiana and Gabriella.

These all reside at the hospitable mansion of La Fayette, and, we are informed, are dependant for their support on the limited income of that Farm.—*N. Y. Merc. Ad.*

**SOUTH AMERICA.**—Buenos Ayers papers to the 6th of October, received at Baltimore, contain the particulars of events in Peru, of which we had before received but vague accounts. It appears that on the ninth of July, Admiral Guise dispatched Capts. Robertson and Fleiman, and Lieut. Sulmans, with 125 men in nine boats, into the harbor of Callao, where they took and destroyed the following vessels of the Spanish naval force:—President, 20 guns, burnt; Juana Gordon, flag ship, taken; Perla, formerly of Chili, taken.—a brigantine, name unknown, taken, and a large vessel burnt.

Notwithstanding this small force was opposed by 1000 soldiers and marines in the vessels, and 1500 artillerymen who manned the batteries, the patriots achieved this victory with the loss of only four men killed, and eleven wounded. During the attack, the Peruvian ships Protector, Congress and Macedonian

endeavored in vain to divert the attention of the batteries, whose fire was directed against the small force which had entered the harbor. Thomas Williams, a Lieut. of Marines, and a clerk of the Captain of the Congress, were mortally wounded.

It is stated that previous to this affair, a brilliant enterprise had been executed by a Captain Addison, who with four boats and fifty volunteers, burnt and sunk six vessels, including the frigates Venganza and Santa Rosa, and drove 14 others under the forts of Callao. All this was performed without the loss of a man.

"The Liberator Bolivar and all his army passed the Andes in three divisions on the 25th of June—the first under the command of Gen. Cordova, Caja Tambo, the second under the command of Gen. Lara, by Chavín—the third under the command of Gen. La Mar, by Guayaquil. The vanguard of the enemy composed of 3500 men in Acobamba, was completely routed; Gen. Monet who commanded it, was wounded and taken prisoner. Almost all this division of the enemy fell into our power, the number of killed on their part being very great.—Before this action, 500 infantry and 100 cavalry under the Spanish chief Pena, came over to us and fought valiantly under the direction of their commander. We have also taken four cannons, the train, munitions, forage and many muskets.—*Bull. Fed. Gaz.*

**Treaty with Colombia.**—A letter from Mr. LITTEFIELD, dated Porto Cabello, Nov. 18th announces, from an authentic source, that a treaty is already, or will very shortly be concluded by Mr. ANDERSON, our Minister at Bogota, and the Government of Colombia, on terms satisfactory and honorable to both nations.

*Bos. Cen.*

**Gibraltar Papers** to the 30th October, have come to hand. The American squadron under Captain CROFTON, had arrived there from Algiers, all well. The Algerine fleet was again at sea, and the circumstance excited much alarm on the Spanish Coast. A squadron was fitted at Ferrol, to protect Spanish commerce against this new enemy, and its old annoyers the South American cruisers.

**HAYTI.**—It is said British capitalists have offered a loan of \$12,000,000 to Hayti, to purchase her Independence of France—and the negotiation was to be renewed.

The Emigrants to Hayti are obliged to bear arms, and not permitted to leave the island. It is reported that on the coffee plantations they get but 50 or 60¢ a year. A vessel from Philadelphia, with Emigrants had the Small Pox on board, and was not permitted to land any of her passengers. Another ship is about sailing from Philadelphia with Emigrants. A writer in the Intelligencer seems to think some runaway slaves have gone off to Hayti.

Some of the Indians of the Huron Nation have gone from Canada to England, to urge their claims to a tract of land near Quebec.

It has been discovered that the deceased king of France, Louis, contributed privately, in the course of the last five years, the sum of 240,000 francs for the release of poor debtors.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"We acknowledge the receipt of the communication of 'CORINNA,' and as she appears to possess such good judgment 'in the choice of a husband,' we will insert it next week, hoping that she may yet be fortunate enough 'to find a man' who possesses the qualifications wished for by her.

## MARRIAGES.

In Portland, Hon. Benjamin Chandler, of this town, to Miss Sally Barker, of the former place.

In Byfield, Mr. Abner Cheney, to Miss Louis Honeyford, after a courtship of 20 years.

## DEATHS.

In this town, Nov. 26th Mrs. Catherine, wife of Calvin Cole, aged 38.—On Sunday, the 26th ult. Louisa, daughter of Calvin Cole, aged 7 years.

The death of Mrs. CLARINDA STREETER, wife of Rev. Russell Streeter, of Portland, was hastily noticed in our last paper. The following is the tribute of gratitude to her memory.

Mrs. Streeter was about 20 years of age, possessed of an amiable disposition, and a heart formed for friendship. In the relations of wife, mother and neighbor, she verified the saying that "the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies."

Through her long and painful sickness, she was supported by the religion of Jesus Christ—and died in the assurance of a blessed immortality. She has left a fond and affectionate husband, with a family of young children, together with other relatives, to mourn her departure.

How hard the stroke: How deep the wound,  
How pained the Husband's soul;  
Yet sovereign grace a balm has found  
To make the wounded whole.

**SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONARY.**

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, a good assortment of School Books, used in this section of the State: among which are Perry's, Walker's and Johnson's Dictionary; Pike's, Adams's, Walker's, Coburn's and Kinne's Arithmetic; Murray's large and small Grammar; Chesman's Grammar; English Reader; American Preceptor; Art of Reading; Museum; Columbian Reader; Student's Companion; Evangelical Instructor; Pleasing Instructor; American Speaker; Historical Reader; Columbian Orator; Enfield's Speaker; Scott's Lessons; History of the United States; School Testaments; Morse's, Cummings's, Adams's and Woodbridge's Geography, and Atlas; Parish's Geography; Butler's Compend of History; Whelpley's ditty; Pike's, Perry's, Webster's and Goodale's Spelling Book; Cyphering Books; Writing ditto; Quills; Inkstands; Inkpowder; Slates and Pencils; Copy Slips, &c. &c.

The above Books, with many others used in Schools, are constantly kept on hand, and sold at very low prices, both at wholesale and retail, for cash, clean cotton and linen RAGS, or undoubted credit.

FOR SALE AS ABOVE,

The Northern, Village, Temple, and Wesleyan Harmony; Bridgewater Collection and Hallowell Collection of Sacred Music. They will be sold cheap to singing societies or individuals.

Dec. 25.

THE demands now in S. EMERY'S Office, which are due to LUKE HASTINGS, if not paid by the first day of February next, will be put in suit; if paid before, no cost will be charged.

Jan. 1, 1835.

3w 27

## PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four:

CYRIL SMITH and LUCY SMITH, (late Lucy Trask,) Administrators on the estate of AMOS TRASK, late of Dixfield, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, having presented their fourth account of administration of the estate of said deceased: likewise the petition of the said Lucy, as widow of said deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED.—That the said Administrators give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

Copy, attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 25

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself, the trust of Administrator, on the estate of LEONARD PRATT, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond, as the law directs.—He, therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the Commissioners.

THOMAS CLARK.

Paris, Dec. 14, 1824.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of ANDREW BARROWS, late of Hartford, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

CYRUS THOMPSON.

Hartford, Dec. 24, 1824.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four:

THOMAS CHASE, Jr. administrator on the estate of SAMUEL LIVERMORE, late of Livermore, aforesaid, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED.—That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 27

## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Bethel.

THE owners of the following Lots of LAND are hereby notified, that the same are taxed in the bills of assessments of taxes, assessed on the Lands of non-resident proprietors, in said Bethel, in the County of Oxford, for the State, County, Town and School Taxes, committed to me, for the year 1823, in the sums respectively set against said Lots, viz:

Owner.	Lots.	Range.	Acres.	Value.	TAXES.				
					State.	County.	Town.	School.	
Unknown,	16	1	100	40	7	10	23	22	
Unknown,	17	1	100	40	7	10	23	22	
Unknown,	18	1	100	40	7	10	23	22	
Unknown,	19	1	100	50	9	13	28	27	
Samuel Page,	25	1	100	100	18	26	57	54	
Samuel Page,	26	1	100	60	11	15	34	33	
Unknown,	33	1	100	50	9	13	28	27	
Unknown,	2	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	
Unknown,	4	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	
Unknown,	7	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	
Unknown,	9	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	
Roger Merrill,	11	2	100	40	7	10	23	22	
Roger Merrill,	12	2	100	40	9	10	23	22	
Peter Frost,	15	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	
Unknown,	19	2	100	40	7	10	23	22	
Unknown,	23	2	100	65	12	17	37	36	
Samuel Page,	25	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	
Samuel Page,	26	2	100	40	7	10	23	22	
Samuel Page,	27	2	100	30	6	7	17	17	
Unknown,	29	2	100	40	7	10	23	22	
Unknown,	5	3	100	25	4	6	15	14	
Unknown,	2	3	100	40	7	10	23	22	
P. C. Virgin,	11	3	100	75	13	19	43	41	

Unknown, 12 3 100 20 4 5 12 11  
Samuel Page, 25 3 100 40 7 10 23 22  
Unknown, 3 4 100 30 6 7 17 17  
Dale, 18 5 100 100 18 25 57 54  
Unknown, 16 6 100 30 6 7 17 17  
Unknown, 30 9 100 50 9 13 28 27  
Unknown, 24 10 100 20 4 5 12 11  
Samuel Page, 17 6 100 50 9 13 28 27  
William Oxnard, 10 6 100 50 9 13 28 27  
Timo. Carter, } Intervale, 40 100 18 23 57 54  
Agent, }

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before TRUSSAX, the twenty-fifth day of January, next, so much of said Lands will, on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the store of O'NEIL W. ROBINSON, in said Bethel, be sold at Public Auction, as will be sufficient to pay said taxes and charges.

PERKINS P. MOULTON,

Collector of said Bethel, A. D. 1823.

Bethel, November 29, 1824. 3w 27

\*Half of a cent.

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, A LIBRARY OF DIVINITY, or the CHRISTIAN'S DAILY FOOD; being a Selection of pieces in prose and verse, from the most pious writers, with an additional variety of original matter, designed to assist and strengthen the young convert, to feast the aged christian, and to improve the mind of every rational being in the pursuit of Heavenly Wisdom.

January 6.

**GREENLEAF'S REPORTS.....Vol. II.** JUST RECEIVED at the Oxford Bookstore. Subscribers are requested to call for their volumes. Also—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of Lawyers, Statesmen, and Men of Letters—by S. L. Knap, Esq.

Dec. 5.



# MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Christianity produceth an universal greatness of soul.—Philosophy may increase our views in many respects, but Christianity extends them beyond the light of nature. The gospel is a system of so refined a philosophy, so exalted a wisdom, and the divine characters that shine in it are so conspicuously legible, that nothing but the darkest ignorance and blackest corruption can hinder us from reading them. As we are sensible that next to the knowledge of the Deity, that of ourselves, and the objects around us, are of most importance, we ought to trace out the relations by which this chain of beings is so connected in one harmonious plan, to strain all our thoughts to that sublime end, viz: that in the moral world the same concord and union are preserved which astonish a contemplative spirit in the harmonious motion of the heavens, in the invariable series of seasons, in the regulation and embellishment of the corporeal world.

Can we look upon ourselves as a part of this wonderful universe, without being interested in its perfection, and without endeavoring rather to increase than to disfigure its beauties? Can we consider ourselves as members of the human race, without feeling a powerful inclination of sympathetic love to them, and without cheerfully performing the duties that our common prejudices and expectations prescribe us?

The serene complacency which springs in a good mind on the exertion of benevolent principles cannot be described; like the peace of God, it passeth all knowledge.

SATURDAY EVENING.—It is proper often to call ourselves to a solemn account for the time past of our lives, but particularly so at the close of days, months, and years. And at the close of the week when our toils are done, and we may perhaps be seated at the door, or by the fire side, with our families around us and the prattling babes about our knees, and a thousand little nameless comforts, which cluster together in our imaginations when we hear of Saturday night at home—at such a season, if we are people of any serious thought, our minds must, in some measure, be taken up with sober reflections. There is something peculiarly solemn in the eve of the Sabbath, in the return of laborers, and the preparation for rest, and the general feeling of enlargement. And even where we do not observe the eastern mode of commencing our Sabbath on Saturday evening, yet the Lord's day seems to dawn, and the cessation of cares to betoken something peaceful, and the expectation of approaching solemnities to calm the soul; so that the man must be peculiarly volatile, or peculiarly stupid, who is not, of necessity, thrown out of the common route of his giddy, or his busy thoughts, when the ruddy streaks in the West are beginning to grow dusky, and the week seems fading away. And what are the thoughts which a conscientious person would have, and which, of course, we all ought to have at such a time? A week is past. Let my thoughts run through its business. Am I a better man, a better husband, a better wife, a better neighbor—or whatever be my calling, and whatever the duties which it lays upon me? Am I more satisfied with my conduct than I was the week before? If I am not, I have lived in vain. What have I done for the good of my neighborhood, what for the public good?—How have I been prospered in business, and how have I shown my thankfulness by administering to the necessities of those around me? Are no sick afflicted strangers, in my vicinity? If not is not this the most favored spot under heaven? And if there are, what have I done for their relief? If in none of these things I have been improving, I am living for myself, a selfish niggard, unworthy of the name of Man or Christian. Am I better prepared for dying than I was last week? And when I look forward, how I am going to spend the next week; and what new project for improvement have I in mind? And how am I about to sanctify the Sabbath?—And what can I do for the good of others?

These are, in truth plain and simple notions, but they are such as often come into the head of a plain man in the country.

It was an infant's cry which pierced the ear of pity, when "the mourners went about the streets." A young woman—then a widow, was bewailing the husband of her youth, laid low in death, alas! too soon; and she shed upon his cold, pale, lifeless cheek, her last—her farewell tear.

Yesterday, they "took sweet counsel together, and walked as friends," along the road of life, with elevated hopes of earthly bliss. "Death crept along with silent tread," and in an hour they thought not, cut asunder the strongest ties of affinity and love, which here on earth unite kindred souls. To-day, she finds that the "arm of her beloved," whereon she leaned in this wilderness, is gone forever; and she mourns the loss. Mute is the anguish of their aching hearts, but it has power to move the sympathetic tear; while many stand around, witnessing their sufferings, and reflecting, that upon themselves, also, might have fallen this load of sorrow; and as they move in silence to the grave, which must receive the dear remains of him whom all this mourning can never bring again, the language of grief becomes impressive. There the arm of their earthly dependence will moulder in dust, and the loved object of their affections be far removed from view, till "earth and sea shall give up their dead."

"To weep with those who weep," is Christian. The Author of our holy religion did so—the Saviour. "Jesus wept," when he had before him so moving a spectacle of human woe—and it is he only who can "give joy to mourning." Amidst the waves of this troublesome world, there is "an Anchor, sure and steadfast," for all such as "put their trust in Him"—a holy confidence, which lifts the soul up, under these adversities; and hope thro' faith in the Redeemer's name, ascends

"To brighter worlds on high."

An approving conscience is a glorious reward.

# DESULTORIOUS.

Jemmy Dawson.—Shenstone's pathetic and affecting ballad of Jemmy Dawson will be admired as long as the English language shall exist. This ballad, which is founded in truth, was taken from a narrative first published in the *Parrot* of the 2d of August, 1746, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and is as follows:

"A young lady of good family and handsome fortune had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kennington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or have found the royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies; beside, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended; but when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and ejaculating, 'My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Lord Jesus! receive both our souls together,' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking.

"The excessive grief which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion and suffocated at once all the animal spirit."

In the *Whitehall Evening Post*, August 7th, this narrative is copied with the remark, that "upon the inquiry, every circumstance was literally true." A ballad was cried about the streets at the time, founded on the melancholy narrative, but it can scarcely be said to have aided Shenstone in his beautiful production.

Talbot's Canada.—I once went to a horse race, that I might witness the speed of their sorry chevrons, as they cantered over a quarter of a mile course. Four horses started upon a bet of 10,000 feet of boards. The riders were clumsy looking fellows, bootless and coatless. Before they started, every one seemed anxious to bet upon some one or other of the horses. Wagers were offered in every part of the field, and I was soon assailed by a host of fellows, requesting me to take their offers. The first who attracted my notice, said he would bet me a barrel of salt pork that Split-the-Wind would win the day. When I refused to accept of this, another offered to bet me 3000 cedar shingles that Washington would distance "every d—d scrape of them." A third person tempted me with a wager of 50 lbs. of Pork sausages against a cheese of similar weight, that Prince Edward would be distanced. A fourth who appeared to be a shoe-maker, offered to stake a raw ox-hide against half its weight in tanned leather, that Columbus would be either first or second. Five or six others, who seemed to be partners in a pair of blacksmith's bellows, expressed their willingness to wager them against a barrel of West-India Molasses, or twenty dollars in cash. In the whole course of my life, I never witnessed so ludicrous a scene. I succeeded for a while in preserving my gravity; but the wind of the billows blew every trace of seriousness away, and I laughed so heartily, that I believe the owners of this unwieldy article imagined I had detected some of them in making an American bull. I dare venture to say that 10,000 dollars, at least, were lost and won in property, at this race, without a single soul in specie being in the possession of any one present.

London Literary Gazette.

A Dialogue between a Mother and her Daughter.  
"Sophy, I will not let you run about the garden in that manner, without your bonnet, with M. Ernest." "But Mamma, you have been walking arm in arm, in the same way, with M. ——" "What a comparison! I am old enough to know what I am about. Sophy, if M. Ernest should ask you at the ball this evening to waltz with him, I forbid your doing so." "Why Mamma? Last Sunday you waltzed twice with M. ——" "Oh, that's quite another thing. Besides, M. ——" is your papa's intimate friend; and when you are married you may waltz with your husband's intimate friend. Sophy, I do not like your swinging with M. Ernest; it is not a proper exercise for a young lady." "But, Mamma, this morning you passed half an hour in the see-saw, with M. ——" "How different!—Sophy, I desire that this afternoon you will not seat yourself in the drawing-room by M. Ernest." "Mamma, I do not seat myself by him, he seats himself by me. Besides, I assure you he does it only to be near you, and in every thing to imitate M. ——" who never quits your side." "Sophy, when we have company, I will not allow you to be constantly playing at cards. Gaming is an amusement very unsuitable to a young female." "But, Mamma, you set me the example.—Recollect that only yesterday, having lost all the money in your purse at *Etarte*, you were obliged to borrow some of M. ——" "What a difference! If I did borrow money of M. ——" it is only because he is your papa's intimate friend, and to whom, under such circumstances, should one have recourse but to one's friend?" "In one word, Mamma, in order to satisfy you, I see that I must follow the advice which the doctor gave to papa—'Do as I say, and not as I do.'"

# ON GOING TO CHURCH.

Some go to church just for a walk,  
Some go there to laugh and talk;  
Some go there for speculation;  
Some go there for observation;  
Some go there to meet a lover;  
Some the impulse oft discover;  
Some go there to meet a friend;  
Some go there the time to spend;  
Some go to learn the parson's name;  
Some go there to wound his fame;  
Some go there to doze and nod,  
But few go there to worship God.

A schoolmaster hearing one of his scholars read, the boy when he came to the word honor, pronounced the word full: the master told him it should be spoken without the h, as thus, onor. "Very well, sir," replied the lad, "I will remember for the future." "Aye," said the master, "always drop the h." The next morning the master's tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk, the duties of his avocation made him wait till it was cold: when speaking to the same boy, he told him to take the muffin to the fire and heat it. "Yes, sir," replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire ate it. Presently the master calls for his muffin: "I have eat it, as you bid me," said the boy. "Eat it, you scoundrel? I bid you take it to the fire and heat it."—"But, sir," answered the lad, "yesterday you told me always to drop the h."

# The Seven Wonders of the World.

1st. A widow at the age of 60 refuses an offer of marriage.  
2d. A dandy with only five cravats on his neck.  
3d. A contented old maid.  
4th. A lawyer of integrity.  
5th. A moderate doctor's bill.  
6th. A tailor that was never known to cabbage.  
7th. A congressman that wished to adjourn the session when there was money in the treasury.

In a shop window, on Saffron hill is posted up a bill, of which the following is an exact copy:—"Fresh Eggs laid every morning by me, Patrick Murphy."

An ignorant fellow maintained in company that the Sun did not turn round the world: "how then," said one present, "does it happen, that he sets at the west and rises again at east, unless he passes under the globe?" "Why," replied he, the Sun turns the same way that he came; but the reason why we don't observe it, is that he goes back in the dark."

A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him and fearing the bye-standers might catch the scent, exclaims "hallo! you black rascal what do you smell my fish for?" The negro replied, "Me no smell your fish Massa." "What are you doing then, Sir?" "Why, me talk to him, Massa." "And what do you say to the fish, ha?" "Why me ax him what news at sea, dats all Massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says he don't know—he no been dare dese tre weeks!"

An Irishman who had blundered into a fortune, frequented a coffee house in New-York: A merchant observed him with a newspaper upside down, and asked him the news. Pat replied, "There had been terrible gales of wind at sea." "How do you know?" said the merchant. "Because," said Pat, "the ships are all bottom upwards."

A young lady in Richmond, having in a fit of industry applied herself to *Manusmaking*, affixed over the window of her lodging a painted board, which by a trifling orthographical error, was inscribed thus, "Jane Smith, *Montmorener*."

# COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Peru.

THE non-resident proprietors of the several lots of land hereinafter described, lying in the Town of Peru, formerly known by the name of No. 1 Plantation, on the west side of the Androscoggin river, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, are hereby notified that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me, the subscriber, Collector for said Peru, for the State, County and Town taxes, for the year 1823, and deficient highway tax for the year 1822, in the respective sums following, viz:

# THOMPSON'S GRANT.

Name.	Number.	Range.	Area.	Value.	State County, and Town Taxes.	Def. highway tax for 1822.	Total.
Not known,	8	10	100	75	83	1 17	00
	0	5	100	100	1	10	10
	9	10	100	30	33	75	1 8
	4	11	100	50	55	1 33	1 88
	5	12	100	50	55	38	93
	7	13	100	100	1 10	76	1 21
	3	14	100	25	28	28	83
	5	9	100	75	83	33	83
	2	14	100	75	83	33	83
	14	10	81	81	89		89
Morse,	9	8	100	150	1 14	1 14	1 14
Morse,	8	9	100	150	1 14	1 14	1 14
	9	7	100	20	23	53	53
	6	8	100	100	1 73	1 73	1 73
	6	9	100	100	76	76	76

If no person appears to discharge the above mentioned taxes, on or before the second Monday in January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, so much of the several above described lots will then be sold at Public Auction, to the highest bidder as will be sufficient to pay the same, and all necessary charges, at the centre School House, in said Peru.  
Peru, Dec. 9, 1824. ADAM KNIGHT, Collector. 3w 25

# CAUTION.

WHEREAS I, JOHN BICKNELL, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, did, on the seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty four, execute and deliver to RICHARD ROGERS of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, LAMAR ROGERS, Junior, of said Buckfield, and FRANCIS POSE of Torrington, in the County of Litchfield and State of Connecticut, a Power of Attorney for me and in my name to sell and make deeds of conveyances of my "new and useful improvement for grinding corn and various kinds of grain," known by the name of "Bicknell's Improved Grist Mill," that part of the State of Massachusetts lying West of Connecticut river, the whole State of Connecticut and New-York. Now be it known, that I hereby revoke and annul said power of attorney given as aforesaid, agreeable to the express stipulation therein specified.  
JOHN BICKNELL.  
Buckfield, (Me.) December 16, 1824.

The Editor of the "American Mercury," of Hartford, Conn. is requested to insert the above advertisement three weeks; and send his bill to this Office for payment.

FOR SALE AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE, THE MAINE FARMER'S ALMANAC, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1825.

Sold also by Thomas Crocker, Esq. Col. Simeon Cummings, Messrs. Morse & Hall, Jarvis Shaw, Esq. and Ebenezer Drake, Paris; Enoch Crocker, Nathan Attwood and Messrs. Long & Loring, Buckfield; John R. Briggs, Woodstock; Ichabod Bartlett, Norway; Messrs. Crocker and Crockett, Rumford; and the Traders generally.  
Dec. 30, 1824.

# SALES AT AUCTION.

# SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN by virtue of an Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of STEELE & DEAN, in Brownfield, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon:  
All the right, title and interest which JONATHAN STORER, of said Brownfield, has in equity to redeem the following mortgaged Real Estate, viz: the HOMESTEAD FARM, on which the said Storer now lives, together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.  
BENJ. BUCKNELL, Deputy Sheriff.  
Hiram, December, 24, 1824. 3w\* 26

# SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Saturday, the twenty-second day of January next, at one o'clock, afternoon, on the premises:  
All the right, title and interest, which DAVID ADKINS holds, owns, or claims in and to the LOT of LAND whereon he now lives, in Peru, in the County of Oxford, in virtue of a possession or improvement.  
ISRAEL D. TRASK, Deputy Sheriff.  
December, 21, 1824.

# SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of STEELE & DEAN, in Brownfield, on Saturday the twenty-second day of January next, at two o'clock in the afternoon:

All the right in equity of redemption, which EZRA BICKFORD has in and to the following described parcel of LAND, situated in Paris, in the County of Oxford, containing fifty-five acres, and bounded as follows, viz: beginning at the South-West corner of Lot numbered five, in the first Range of Lots; thence running North, fourteen degrees West, upon the town line adjoining Hebron and Norway, one hundred and twenty-three rods to the North-West corner of said Lot; thence North, sixty-eight and an half degrees East, upon the Lot line, seventy-one rods and twenty-five links, to a Stake and Stone; thence South, fourteen degrees East, one hundred and twenty-three rods to a Stake and Stone in the Lot line; thence South, sixty-eight and an half degrees West, upon said Lot line seventy-one rods and twenty-five links, to the first mentioned bound—being the same land said Ezra Bickford bought of William Stowell, as by said Stowell's deed duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County, book the twenty-second, page the sixty-second—the same being subject to said Bickford's mortgage deed to William Stowell, dated September the fifteenth, A. D. 1818, to secure the payment of three hundred and thirty dollars and interest thereon, since said fifth day of September, A. D. 1819; on which there was paid, February the 7th, 1820, forty dollars and six cents; March 18th, 1820, eleven dollars and six cents; and in August, 1823, two hundred and thirty dollars. DANIEL HOLIT, Deputy Sheriff.  
Norway, Dec. 15th, 1824.

# SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss. WHEREAS warrants have been issued from Henry Rust, Esq. Treasurer of said County of Oxford, and have been committed to me, against the following unimproved Tracts and Townships of LAND, situated in said County, for the County tax assessed thereon, for the year 1823, as follows, viz:

TRACTS.	Amount of Taxes.
Township Letter F,	\$0 79
do. No. 1, Letter A,	8 62
do. No. 2, Letter A,	9 38
do. No. 4, Range 4,	7 56
do. No. 3, Range 3,	6 92
do. Letter B,	8 43
do. No. 4,	6 58
do. No. 7,	7 24
Hamlin's Grant,	53
Andover Surplus, North,	3 95

Now, therefore, I give notice, that unless said taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, I shall, pursuant to said warrants, sell at Public Auction, at the Court House, in Paris, in said County, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of January next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said several Tracts of LAND, as will discharge the taxes and intervening charges on each of them respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of said County.  
Dated at Hebron, this 25th day of November, 1824. (6w\* 22)

# COLLEGE LANDS.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber, the following lots of LAND, belonging to Harvard College, viz:

Lot	Division	Acres.
Lot 22,	1st Division,	58 acres.
" 22,	2nd do.	54 do.
" 10,	3d do.	50 do.
" 13,	5th do.	about 75 do.

IN LIVERMORE.

Lot 70, 100 acres. Lot 149, 100 acres.

IN RUMFORD.

Lot 16, 1st Division, 80 acres.

" 39, 2nd do. 100 do.

" 47, 3d do. 148 do.

IN JAY.

Lot 8, 13th range, 100 acres.

IN BETHEL.

Lot 19, 9th range, 100 acres.

" 19, 10th " 100 "

PRENTISS MELLETT, Agent.  
Portland, Nov. 1, 1824. 3m\* 21

# ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GOODS.

ASA BARTON, Agent,  
HAS just received, and offers for sale, at very low prices for cash,  
Bombazettes, various colors and prices; Caroline and Scotch Plaids; Cassimere and Imitation Shawls; Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs; Tabbly Velvets; Synclaw and Lustrous Silks; Nankin, Canton and Italian Crapes; Crapes (Presses); Ribbons, a large variety; French Braids; Silk and Kid Gloves; Cotton and Worsted Hosiery; Black and colored Sewing Silk and Twist; Real treble gilt Coat and Vest Buttons; cheap Coat and Vest ditto; Glass and gilt Buttons; Waist Buckles; Clasps; Snaps; Hooks and Eyes; &c. &c.

Also—Green, red and yellow Flannels; Satinets; Sheetings; Shirtings; Gingham; Bedtickings; Cotton Yarn, unwashed good, or no sale; Knitting; Wicking, &c. &c.  
Nov. 11.

# THE WREATH.

A NEW PAPER, Quarto size, conducted by a Society of Literary gentlemen in Portland.  
Subscriptions received at the Oxford Bookstore, where the numbers may be examined.  
Oct. 7.

# VOLUME I.

# POETRY.

I greet that independence  
Which keeps a man above  
The meanness of a tyrant  
In State affairs or love.

No vassal does exist,  
So low in thought of mind  
As he that will persist  
To kneel at beauty's shrine.

The man who thus degrades  
To act so base a part,  
He, nor miser, meaner elf,  
Shall ne'er possess my heart.

None but the firm and noble  
Shall e'er my heart possess;  
That scorns a woman's woe  
Array'd in beauty's dress.

'Tis not the beauty of the face  
Or form, I most admire;  
But 'tis that noble inward grace  
That meek unconquered

That does not fear a tyrant  
Nor scorn the humble post;  
But feels to all in honor bold  
His promise to keep sure.

Such is the man could I possess  
If such there could be found  
To him alone I'd love confess  
And be by Hyman bound.

Thus onward we through life  
Our youthful cares forget  
I'd love in happiness or woe  
He ne'er should once regret.

Paris, December, 1824.

# PARIS, MONDAY, JAN.

A short time since, we noticed a new paper published in London, the "Masonic Mirror and Messenger." An extract from the paper is inserted below.

Masonry in Spain, with a sketch of the servile and superstitious lately issued another of his against Masonry. In 1815, it not only contained, but it was in the suppression and

Order: and at his instigation mandate of M. Miery Campbell, of the Inquisition, published in every church in the Sunday in Lent;—it ran in the "His excellency, the Grand

all Confessors, under pain of excommunication to the Holy Office, have confessed themselves to be Free-Masons!"—and such times that many Confessors enough to comply with the

lency!—and many of our brethren and left to suffer dungeons of that infernal

other crime than that of a for the purpose of cultivating brotherly love, and all the charity and philosophy fostered most minutely described case, one of the most distressing London New-Monthly Magazine—the editor assures us, referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be

referred to is now in that city of the statement may be referred to is now in that city of the statement may be